ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER

The adventures of two "kidnapped" humans

Nightmares and crippling anxiety drove Betty and Barney Hill to the office of Dr. Benjamin Simon, the distinguished Boston psychiatrist and neurologist. During World War II, Dr. Simon was Chief of Neuropsychiatry and Executive Officer at Mason General Hospital, the Army's chief psychiatric center. He had extensive experience and remarkable success with hypnosis in the treatment of many psychiatric disorders among military personnel.

The Hills were deeply disturbed by the haunting memory of an incident that occurred several years before, outside the village of Lancaster, N.H. They were plagued by a nagging feeling that "something more" they could not recall had occurred. Fearing ridicule and scorn, they had kept their experience relatively secret until the strain began to affect them physically and emotionally.

Dr. Simon accepted them as patients. During the months that followed, the Hills began—under individual psychotherapy, including periods of time regression under hypnosis—to relive their "adventure," which proved more terrifying than either of them consciously recalled. Their words were recorded on tape, and their words are transcribed here, with some of Dr. Simon's analysis and comment.

A Boston newspaper, in a series of articles, had disclosed Dr. Simon's participation in the Hills' case. The doctor says, "I never saw the reporter, refused to be interviewed by him, or to discuss the case with him, which he acknowledged in the articles. Nevertheless, I felt that mentioning me in these articles could cause me to become identified with certain statements and conclusions by the reporter about the Hills' experiences, with which I strongly disagree." The Hills, who had also refused to be interviewed, were "considerably distressed by the articles" and asked Dr. Simon to release the tapes to John G. Fuller so that an authentic version of their story might be told.

"I decided," says Dr. Simon, "that the emotional health of the Hills would best be served by releasing the tapes, provided I would have complete approval of their use and of any medical data: an insurance that the records would be used accurately and not detrimentally to my patients."

Some readers will find the Hills' account incredible. Others will find the story vivid and persuasive. Neither Dr. Simon nor Mr. and Mrs. Hill will state that their "adventure" cannot be challenged; but neither has Dr. Simon an incontrovertible assessment to discredit the Hills' alleged "abduction."

After seven months of psychotherapy and hypnosis, Dr. Simon, who began by doubting the possibility of their claims, now comments:

"Some aspects of the experience are unanswered, and, perhaps, unanswerable at this time. Nothing is finally settled. Nothing is absolutely proved to me regarding the alleged 'abduction.'" He also points out that "neither patient is psychotic, and both consciously and under hypnosis told what they believed to be absolute truth. The charisma of hypnosis has tended to foster the belief that it is the magical road to Truth. In one sense, this is so, but it must be understood that hypnosis is a pathway to the truth as it is felt and understood by the patient. The truth is what he believes to be the truth, and this may not be consonant with the ultimate and nonpersonal truth. Most frequently it is."

On the following pages, LOOK presents a condensation of John G. Fuller's forthcoming book *The Interrupted Journey*, an extraordinary human document.

THE EDITORS

Barney pulled the binoculars from his eyes; and ran screaming back across the field to Betty:

PAINTING BY THOMAS B. ALLEN

BY JOHN G. FULLER

ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1961, Barney Hill and his wife Betty began a night drive from the Canadian border down U.S. 3, through the White Mountains, on their way home to Portsmouth, N.H., after a short vacation.

Just after ten, their car was winding along the flat ground of the upper Connecticut River Valley. Betty enjoyed watching the brilliance of the moon reflecting on the valley and the mountains in the distance. To the left of the moon, and slightly below it, she noticed a particularly bright star. Perhaps it was a planet, she thought, because of its steady glow. Just south of Lancaster, she became intrigued by another star or planet, a bigger one, which had suddenly risen above the other. As she watched, the new celestial glow appeared to be getting bigger.

For a while, she said nothing to her husband. Finally, when the strange light grew brighter, she nudged Barney, who slowed the car and looked out the right-hand side of the windshield.

"When I looked at it first," Barney Hill later said, "it didn't seem anything particularly unusual, except that we were fortunate enough to see a satellite. It had no doubt gone off its course, and it seemed to be going along the curvature of the earth. It was quite a distance out . . . it looked like a star, in motion."

They drove on, glancing at the bright object frequently, finding it difficult to tell if the light itself were moving, or if the movement of the car were making it *seem* to move. It would disappear behind trees, or a mountaintop, then reappear as it cleared the obstruction.

Delsey, the Hills' dachshund, became restless, and Betty suggested they should walk her. At the same time, they could get a better look at the bright object. Barney pulled the car to the side of the road, where there was reasonably unobstructed visibility.

Betty walked Delsey along the side of the road. She was now sure that the star, or the light, or whatever it was, was definitely moving. When Barney joined her, she handed Delsey's leash to him, went back to the car and returned with a pair of binoculars. Barney was still convinced that they were observing a straying satellite.

After a few minutes, they resumed their

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Air Force lethargy?

The National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) is a nonprofit organization incorporated in the District of Columbia. Its main purposes are scientific investigation and research of reported unidentified flying objects, and encouragement of full reporting to the public by responsible authorities of all information that the Government has accumulated on this subject.

The U.S. Air Force is charged with the official investigation of UFOs. NICAP contends that the Air Force has practiced a questionable degree of secrecy, keeping the public in the dark about the amount and possible significance of evidence it has been given.

There have been thousands of sightings throughout the world by Air Force pilots, navigators; by military personnel in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps; by commercial pilots, aviation experts and private citizens. One of the many current myths about UFOs is that no trained observers have reported seeing them. Skeptics ask: "If UFOs are real, why haven't astronomers seen them?" They have, on many occasions. But a significant number of scientists have told NICAP privately that it would be professional suicide for them to discuss the subject openly.

Dr. J. Allen Hynek, chairman of the Department of Astronomy of Northwestern University, has no connection whatsoever with NICAP. He was in charge of the optical satellite tracking program of the Smithsonian AstrophysicalObservatory,Cambridge,Mass. For 18 years, he has been scientific consultant to the Air Force on UFOs and has screened over 10,000 cases in their files, investigating many of them personally.

"UFOs demand serious and immediate scientific attention," he told a meeting of scientists recently. "The myth is *not* put to rest, and the scientific fraternity must now take cognizance of them. We can no longer dismiss the subject. When I started to investigate this phenomenon in 1948, I thought the whole thing would go up in smoke. It has taken till now for *serious scientists* to begin to look at the phenomenon with care and caution."

In August, the Air Force said it hoped to contract with a leading university to undertake a program of intensive investigation of certain UFO reports. Teams would include at least one scientist familiar with atmospheric physics, and a psychologist with clinical experience. The initial budget would be $300,000 to cover an 18-month period.

FROM NICAP REPORT. BY PERMISSION.

journey. The object continued its unpredictable movement. The Hills stopped briefly several times. At one of the stops, a few miles north of Cannon Mountain, Betty said, "Barney, if you think that's a satellite, or a star, you're being absolutely ridiculous."

"It's a commercial plane," Barney now concluded. "Probably on its way to Canada."

Around 12 o'clock, they approached the enormous and somber silhouette of Cannon Mountain. Barney parked the car in a picnic area that commanded a wide view to the west. He looked again at the strange moving light and noted that it swung suddenly from its northern flight pattern, turned to the west, then completed its turn and headed back directly toward them. The Hills got out of the car.

"It's got to be a plane," Barney said. "A commercial liner."

"With a crazy course like that?" Betty asked, following him with Delsey.

"Then it's a Piper Cub. With some hunters who might be lost."

"It's not the hunting season," Betty said, as Barney took the binoculars from her. "And I don't hear a sound." Neither did Barney.

"It might be a helicopter," he said as he looked through the binoculars. He was sure that it wasn't, but was reaching for any kind of explanation that would make sense. "The wind might be carrying the sound in the other direction."

"There is no wind, Barney."

Through the binoculars, Barney now made out a shape like the fuselage of a plane, although he could see no wings. He also saw a series of lights along the fuselage, blinking in an alternating pattern.

When Betty took the glasses, the object passed in front of the moon, in silhouette. It seemed to be flashing thin pencils of different colored lights. The object itself appeared cigar-shaped to her. It had increased its speed, then slowed down again as it crossed the face of the moon. The lights were flashing persistently, red, amber, green and blue. Betty turned to her husband and asked him to take another look.

"It's *got* to be a plane," Barney insisted. "Maybe a military plane. A search plane. Maybe it's a plane that's lost."

He was irritated by Betty's refusal to accept any natural explanation. Several years earlier, Betty's sister and family had told about seeing an unidentified flying object in Kingston, N.H., and Betty tended to believe the story. Barney resisted the idea that such objects existed.

The dachshund was whining and cowed. Betty gave the binoculars to Barney and took Delsey back to the car. Barney focused the glasses on the object and strained to hear a sound: the throb of a propeller-driven plane or the whir of a jet. He heard none. For the first time, he felt *he* was being observed, that the object was actually attempting to circle them. Getting back into the car, he told Betty that he felt the craft had seen them and was playing games with them.

They drove slowly on toward Cannon Mountain, catching glimpses of the object as it moved erratically in the sky. As they approached the base of the mountain, the object suddenly swung behind the dark silhouette of trees and disappeared.

Barney increased his speed, and as the car moved past the blackness of the Old Man of the Mountains, the object appeared again, gliding silently, leisurely, parallel to the car. It appeared to be only a few hundred feet to the right, above the car. Earlier, it had seemed to be spinning; now, it was still, and the former blinking, multicolored lights gave off a steady, white glow.

Through the binoculars, Betty saw a double row of windows. It was clearly a structured craft of enormous dimensions—just how large she couldn't determine because both distance and altitude were hard to judge. As she watched, a red light came out on the left side of the object, followed by a similar one on the right.

"Barney," she said, "stop the car and look! You've never seen anything like this in your life."

He looked through the windshield and could see it plainly now. It was not more than 200 feet in the air, he thought, and coming closer.

Barney stopped the car at Indian Head, took the binoculars and got out. The motor was still running. The object was hovering silently in the air, not more than a short city block away, not more than two treetops high. Its full shape was apparent for the first time: that of a large, glowing pancake.

"Do you see it? Do you see it?" Betty called. Her voice was rising. Later, Barney admitted frankly that he was scared, yet he walked a few feet forward and looked again.

As he did so, the object—as wide in diameter as the distance between three telephone poles along the road—swung in a silent arc across the road, not more than a hundred feet from him. The double row of windows was now clear.

For a reason he cannot yet explain, Barney found himself moving across the road into the field, then across the field, directly toward the mysterious object. The enormous disc was raked on an angle toward him. Two finlike projections on either side were sliding out, each with a red light on it. The windows curved around the perimeter of the thick, pancakelike disc, glowing with brilliant white light. Still, there was no sound.

What is a humanoid?

The term is anthropological, indicating a creature with some, but not all, of the facial and physical characteristics of human beings as we know them. Barney Hill, who was "abducted" by humanoids and taken aboard their flying ship, remembers that, "The men had rather odd-shaped heads, with a large cranium, diminishing in size as it got toward the chin. And the eyes continued around to the sides of their heads, so that it appeared that they could see several degrees beyond the lateral extent of our vision. And something that I remembered, after listening to the tapes, is the mouth itself. I could not describe the mouth. But it was much like when you draw one horizontal line, with a short perpendicular line on each end. This horizontal line would represent the lips without the muscle that we have. And it would part slightly as they made this mumumumming sound. The texture of the skin, as I remember it from this quick glance, was grayish, almost metallic looking. I didn't notice any hair—or any headgear either for that matter. Also, I didn't notice any nose, there just seemed to be two slits that represented the nostrils."

Shaken, but finding an irresistible impulse to move closer, Barney continued across the field, coming within 50 feet of the craft, as it dropped to the height of a single tall tree.

In the car, Betty waited. Suddenly, she became aware of Barney's disappearance into the blackness of the field. "Barney," she yelled. "Barney, come back! Barney! Do you hear me?"

There was no answer.

Out in the field, Barney put the binoculars to his eyes. Behind the clearly structured windows, he could see at least half a dozen living figures wearing black uniforms. They seemed to be bracing themselves against the transparent windows as the craft tilted down toward him. They were staring directly at him.

Betty, now nearly 200 feet away, was screaming at him from the car, but Barney has no recollection of hearing her.

On some inaudible signal, every member of the crew but one stepped back from the window toward a large panel a few feet behind the windowline. The remaining one appeared to Barney to be a leader.

Through the binoculars, Barney could see appendages in action at what seemed to be a control board behind the windows of the craft. The craft descended lower, a few feet at a time. As the fins bearing the two red lights spread out further on the sides of the craft, an extension began to lower from the underside. It seemed to be a ladderlike structure, but Barney could not be sure. In terror, he tried to pull the glasses from his eyes, to turn away, but he couldn't. He remembers the eyes of the one crew member who stared down at him. He had never seen eyes like that before.

With every ounce of energy he could summon, he pulled the binoculars from his eyes, ran screaming back across the field to Betty and the car. He was near hysteria. He jammed the car into first gear, spurted off down the road, shouting that he was sure they were going to be captured. He ordered Betty to look out the window to see where the craft was. She looked, but the object was nowhere in sight. He yelled that it may have swung above them. Betty checked again, but all she could see was total darkness.

Suddenly, they heard a strange, electronic-sounding beeping. The car seemed to vibrate with it. It was in irregular rhythm: beep, beep—beep, beep, beep, and it seemed to come from behind the car, possibly from the trunk.

"What's that noise?" Barney asked.

"I don't know," Betty said.

They each began to feel an odd tingling sensation. A kind of daze overcame them.

* * * *

Sometime later—how long, they were not sure—they were again aware of the beeping sound. They were alert now to a more precise pattern of beeps: beep, beep, beep, beep.

As the second set of beeps grew louder, their awareness slowly returned. They were still in the car, and the car was moving, with Barney at the wheel. They were silent, numb and somnambulistic. A sign indicated that they were in the vicinity of Ashland, some 35 miles south of Indian Head, where the inexplicable beeping had first sounded.

As the daze dissolved, Betty Hill vaguely remembers saying to her husband: "Now do you believe in flying saucers?" And he recalls answering: "Don't be ridiculous. Of course not."

But neither could remember much detail, other than this, until they had driven on to Route 93. There, Betty suddenly pointed to a sign reading: CONCORD—17 MILES.

"That's where we are, Barney," she said. "Now we know."

Barney, too, remembers his mind clearing fully at this point. But he does not recall being disturbed or concerned about the 35 miles from Indian Head to Ashland, about which he seemed to remember nothing.

It was nearly full daylight when they reached home. Both their watches had stopped, and never ran again. The kitchen clock read shortly after five a.m. They had expected to reach home by three. Two hours of their lives were unaccounted for—yet neither seemed aware of the loss at this time until it was pointed out to them months later.

Barney unloaded the car. Picking up the binoculars, he found that the leather strap that had been around his neck the night before was freshly and cleanly broken in half.

During the silent drive, both Betty and Barney had looked to the sky at regular intervals, wondering if the strange object would appear again. Even after they went into the house, they found themselves occasionally drifting to the windows to look up into the morning brightness.

Also, inexplicably, each had a strange, clammy feeling. Barney went into the bathroom to examine his groin and lower abdomen, which seemed to bother him. After he came out, they reviewed what had happened and resolved not to discuss it with anyone.

Nearly three that afternoon, when they awoke, Barney again began reviewing the experience of the night before. He was baffled and confused by the total lack of sound during the extended encounter. The figures he had seen aboard the craft he shunted quickly out of his mind. He did not want to think about them.

As Betty awakened, one of her first acts, why she never fully knew, was to take the dress and shoes she had worn during the experience and pack them in the back of her closet. She has never worn them since.

Barney went over to the clothes he had worn the night before and was surprised to discover that his best shoes were scuffed along the tops. He wondered why only the *tops* were scarred. He concluded that somewhere in that field he had dragged the tops of his shoes along some rocks.

CHAPTER 2

A talk with a skeptical investigator

THE HILLS' RESOLUTION to keep the experience quiet began to waver during their afternoon breakfast session. Betty telephoned her sister, Janet Miller, and told her the story. Janet, who had no reservations about the possibility of a UFO sighting because of her own earlier experience, confirmed Betty's feeling that the car might have in some way been exposed to radiation if the object had hovered directly over it. Janet reminded Betty that a neighbor of theirs in Kingston was a physicist, and said she would check with him. In a few moments, Janet was back on the phone to tell Betty that the physicist said any ordinary compass might show evidence of radiation.

Barney's skepticism stiffened, but he finally relented and got the compass for his wife. She went outside and ran the compass along the sides of the car. The needle did not react to any appreciable extent, but as she drew near the trunk of the car, her attention was drawn to a dozen or more shiny circles scattered on the trunk's surface. Each was about the size of a silver dollar. They looked as though they had been buffed on through a circular stencil.

Carefully, Betty placed the compass on one of the spots. The needle immediately reacted sharply. She then moved the compass on the side of the car, where none of the shiny spots appeared. The needle reacted normally. She shifted the compass back to the shiny spots. The needle jumped out of control. She ran back to the house.

"Barney," she said, "you've *got* to come outside and look at this with me." Barney reluctantly agreed to take a look while Betty called her sister to report her "findings." Janet had talked to the former chief of police of Newton, N.H. He had suggested that the Hills notify the Pease Air Force Base at Portsmouth, a Strategic Air Command installation.

"How did the compass act for you?" Betty asked, when Barney returned.

"Just like any compass," he said. "Oh, it might have jumped around a little when it got near the tire in the trunk. Things like that."

"What about the shiny spots?" Betty asked. "Did you see those?"

"Yes," said Barney.

"Well, what about them?"

"Oh, probably something dropped on the trunk."

Betty called the Air Police at the base and gave an officer the facts in bare outline. When she mentioned the fins, which apparently separated at the sides of the craft, with the two red lights on either side, the officer suddenly seemed more interested. When she explained that her husband had a better look at this part of the craft than she, the officer asked to speak with Barney.

Barney avoided mentioning the figures he had observed on the craft, or the shiny spots on the car. But the phone call was reassuring. From the discussion with the officer, he learned of other reports, some similar to his, and he no longer felt so concerned about the possibility of being considered irrational.

Still struggling to find some correlation between fantasy and fact, Barney suggested to Betty that they each draw a sketch of their impressions of the object. Sitting in separate rooms, they roughed out two sketches. When the sketches were compared, they were remarkably similar.

Some ten days after the sighting, Betty began having a series of nightmares. They domi-

continued

nated her waking life during that week and continued to plague her with anxiety afterward. But the dreams themselves stopped abruptly after five days and never returned. Years later, under Dr. Simon's hypnosis, she recalled in detail:

She had dreamt she had encountered a strange roadblock on a lonely New Hampshire road. A group of men approached the car, and as soon as they reached it, she found herself slipping into unconsciousness. She awoke to find herself and Barney being taken aboard a wholly strange craft, where she was given a complete physical examination by intelligent, humanoid beings. Barney was taken off down a corridor, apparently for the same purpose. They were assured that no harm would come to them, and that they would be released without any conscious memory of the strange happening. At that point, the dreams ended.

A few weeks after the nightmares ended, another disturbing incident occurred. The Hills were driving through the countryside, on a road in a sparsely populated area. Up ahead, a car partially blocked the road. A group of people were standing outside the car, and Barney began to slow down. Betty felt a sudden, cold wave of fear. She could not explain it. "Barney," she begged, "Barney—keep going. Please don't slow down! Keep going, keep going!" She started to open the car door, feeling an almost uncontrollable impulse to jump out of the car and run.

Without questioning, Barney drove the car as fast as was practicable. Betty's panic subsided, and she recovered her composure. She could not explain her panic.

On October 19, 1961, Walter Webb, lecturer on the staff of the Hayden Planetarium in Boston, received a letter from Richard Hall, now assistant director of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena in Washington. Webb, a scientific adviser to NICAP, occasionally investigated the more serious and puzzling UFO reports in the New England area. Hall's letter included a copy of a letter Betty Hill had written him. He suggested that Webb might want to investigate the Hill case.

Webb was not impressed because the case involved a report of the movement of beings on a craft. He was extremely skeptical of this type of sighting. There had been a rash of similar "sightings" in the past from highly irresponsible people , none of whom had provided any kind of rational documentation.

Webb drove to Portsmouth on October 21, 1961, with his skeptical attitude unchanged. He thought it was possible that the Hills might be seeking publicity, perpetrating a hoax or suffering from a mental aberration.

His interview with the Hills began shortly after noon and continued with only occasional interruptions until after eight that evening. "I was so amazed, impressed by both the Hills and their accounts," Webb said later, "that we skipped lunch and went right through the afternoon and early evening. During that time, I cross-examined them together, separately, together, requestioned them again and again. I tried to make them slip up somewhere, and I couldn't; I simply couldn't. Theirs was an iron-clad story."

At the close of the session, Webb suggested to the Hills that they actually drive back over the trip step by step, to try to pin down the exact spots where the varied events happened. They agreed.

Five days later, Webb prepared his report for NICAP. He reviewed the incident in the minutest detail, including compass directions, position of the moon and planets, weather and detailed description of the object, including the sketches the Hills had given him. He concluded his lengthy report: "It is the opinion of this investigator, after questioning these people for over six hours and studying their reactions and personalities during that time, that they were telling the truth, and the incident occurred exactly as reported except for some minor uncertainties and technicalities that must be tolerated in any such observation where human judgment is involved (i.e., exact time and length of visibility, apparent sizes of object and occupants, distance and height of object, etc.). Although their occupations do not especially qualify the witnesses as trained scientific observers, I was impressed by their intelligence, apparent honesty and obvious desire to get at the facts and to underplay the more sensational aspects of the sighting."

It wasn't until after the holidays that the Hills thought about the suggestion of returning to the scene of the encounter. In February of 1962, a series of pilgrimages began that were to continue over many months, in all seasons. They would drive along Route 3 and along several back roads branching off the main road. They bickered about where they might have traveled or on which of the byways off Route 3 they might have made a turn. Nor could they account for the inordinate length of time it took them to reach Portsmouth the night of the incident.

The trips were fruitless. Always, the same curtain of darkness descended for Barney after the critical moment at Indian Head. Always, the same veil of darkness obscured Betty's memory after she heard the strange series of beeps as they drove frantically away from Indian Head, with Barney, apparently in great emotional distress, at the wheel. Always, there was the blank between Indian Head and Ashland.

Barney's daily commuting drive from Portsmouth to his job in Boston, his night work schedule, the gnawing doubts about the Indian Head experience, the discomfort of an ulcer all began to take their toll. His condition was further complicated by the recurrence of elevated blood pressure. Then, another disturbing symptom appeared, contributing to his general distress. In January of 1962, a series of warts developed in an almost geometrically perfect circular ring in the area of his groin.

By the summer of 1962, Barney's exhaustion and general physical illness prompted him to seek medical aid for his overall condition, entirely aside from the traumatic experience in the White Mountains. The physician treated him for elevated blood pressure and ulcers and finally recommended the possible need for psychiatric assistance. Barney agreed, and a long process of therapy began during the summer of 1962, under Dr. Duncan Stephens, of Exeter, N.H.

At first, the incident at Indian Head was ignored altogether by Barney. Later, he discussed it with Dr. Stephens, but did not emphasize it. He felt it was at most only a minor cause of his anxiety. He concentrated on his personal emotional and social problems.

Dr. Stephens indicated to Barney that there were many unusual and interesting facets to his case, including the circumstances of Barney's interracial marriage. During the therapy, Barney became more and more aware of the subconscious conflicts and problems arising from his being a Negro, a member of a minority race.

(All through his family background there was a record of interracial relationships. His great-grandmother was the daughter of a white plantation owner. She was raised in the owner's house and cared for by his sisters, even though she was legally a slave. When she married, the plantation owner gave her and her husband 250 acres of land, to be handed down to their children.)

CHAPTER 3

What happened that September night?

FOR A FULL YEAR, Barney continued with Dr. Stephens. One day, during a discussion of hypnosis, Dr. Stephens indicated to Barney that simultaneous hallucination and simultaneous amnesia were highly unlikely, although there is a rare psychological phenomenon known as *folie à deux*, wherein two people develop a psychotic condition in which their beliefs and delusions are similar. This seemed unlikely in the case of Barney and Betty Hill's experience, since most of the conditions for this phenomenon did not seem to be present in the Hills' day-to-day relationships as husband and wife. But Dr. Stephens suggested that it would be advisable at this point to have the opinion of Dr. Benjamin Simon, the eminent Boston psychiatrist and neurologist.

Dr. Simon is a graduate of Stanford University and the Washington University School of Medicine. During his psychiatric and neurological training, he developed proficiency in techniques and procedures of hypnosis. In World War II, he found it a remarkably useful adjunct in the treatment of military psychiatric disorders, first as consultant psychiatrist to the General Dispensary in New York, later on a more extensive scale as Chief of Neuropsychiatry and Executive Officer at Mason General Hospital, the Army's chief psychiatric center in World War II. When John Huston directed his outstanding motion-picture documentary on psychiatric treatment, *Let There Be Light*, at Mason General Hospital, Colonel Simon served as adviser and personally did the scenes involving hypnosis and narcosynthesis.

After leaving military service in 1946, Dr. Simon maintained his interest in these special procedures, though their place in civilian psychiatric practice is much more restricted.

On December 14, 1963, Mr. Barney Hill, accompanied by his wife, arrived to keep his appointment for consultation. At Mr. Hill's request,

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the doctor saw the couple together and soon realized that *both* needed help. They had brought with them a copy of the NICAP report written by Walter Webb.

Dr. Simon's attitude toward the subject of UFOs was neutral. He was willing to accept whatever authoritative sources said about it.

At the close of the session, Dr. Simon decided that one of his objectives was to open up the amnesia, if this was what the condition turned out to be. This symptom usually responds particularly well to hypnosis.

He planned to begin the therapy with an attempt to penetrate the amnesia, through hypnosis, and to proceed from there as indicated by developments. Dr. Simon also decided to tape-record the therapeutic sessions, to preserve an accurate record and to have the tape available for probable later use in bringing the material into the consciousness of the Hills under controlled conditions.

Barney's and Betty's knowledge of hypnosis was fragmentary. Dr. Simon explained that the Hills would be brought into a condition somewhat akin to sleep, although not identical to it.

In a lecture some years before to The New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. Simon discussed hypnosis and its function in medical and psychiatric practice:

"Who can hypnotize? Who can be hypnotized?" Dr. Simon asked in the lecture. "Any intelligent adult with appropriate knowledge of technique can hypnotize....Psychotic individuals and the mentally retarded are very resistant to hypnosis. Most of these cannot be hypnotized....

"Will plays no part whatever in hypnosis, and the belief that hypnotizability is a manifestation of a weak will is false. . . .

"Hypnosis has gone through many periods of enthusiastic acceptance and then ensuing rejection, as have some of our 'modern trends' in psychiatry. There is no doubt that these symptoms (those removed by hypnosis) tend to recur or to be replaced by more distressing symptoms, unless the underlying emotional conflict (of which the symptoms are manifestations) is resolved. Unless the physician can be sure that he will be able to continue treatment of the patient after the removal of the symptoms, the symptoms should not be removed by hypnosis. . . .

"Many question whether a forcible breakthrough of resistance (such as that which is provided by hypnosis) is a desirable approach. In a variety of conditions, hysterical, psychosomatic and others, hypnosis may help to shorten the time of therapy by facilitating the approach to unconscious conflicts. . . . Hypnosis has dangers, and yet it is not dangerous. The essential dangers lie in its use by those not bound by a professional code of ethics and who are not adequately trained."

As the Hills were to discover, they were in cautious, medically conservative hands. They were to run into a stiff test of whatever beliefs they now had as a result of their experience at Indian Head.

At eight in the morning, on Saturday, January 4, 1964, the Hills arrived at the doctor's office for the first of three sessions in which the doctor would repeatedly induce hypnosis as a conditioning process.

They responded well. The doctor was satisfied that they could attain the depth of trance desired. In exploring the amnesia, both the doctor and the patients would be going up a blind alley; and the reinforcement of the hypnosis would make it possible to maintain firm control in the face of possible emotional disturbances.

Barney's nervousness increased somewhat as he prepared to undergo hypnosis for the first time. Dr. Simon placed him by the large desk in the office, his hands at his sides, and stood near him, in front of the desk and just in front of a comfortable chair.

"Dr. Simon began talking to me," Barney recalls, "telling me that I was relaxing, and he had me clasp my hands together, and that they would be tight, tight, very tight, that I couldn't open them no matter how hard I tried. And I was standing there, feeling very, very foolish, because I thought if this is hypnosis, there is nothing to it. I'm just humoring the man. I didn't want to hurt his feelings. I think he stopped and placed his hands over my eyes so that they would close. I said to myself that I wasn't really hypnotized; and when he told me that I couldn't pull my hands apart, I knew that all I had to do was open my fingers and I could do it. But I just didn't feel like opening my fingers. I didn't even feel I was asleep, but then I was aware that he was waking me up, and asked me how I felt. And I felt very, very good, very calm and comfortable. And I no longer had any fear of hypnosis."

The opening up of amnesia requires the use of time regression, wherein the patient's memory becomes vivid and exact, where details long forgotten to the conscious mind emerge sharply. It is not unusual for a person in hypnosis to recall the names and color of the eyes of everyone at his fifth birthday party if so requested. There is also the tendency to relive, re-create, reenact the time segment being recalled, so that the subject actually experiences emotions involved in the original experience, a process referred to as abreaction. The physician must always recognize the danger in bringing to light unconscious memories and feelings. These may be intolerable to the patient and can lead to serious after-reactions.

"After the first test," Barney Hill recalls, "a curious thing happened. As I got ready for the induction into hypnosis, I looked at my watch. It must have been five minutes after eight. And he gave me the key word, and I was hypnotized. And as far as time was concerned, I thought he was waking me immediately. But I looked at my watch, and it was after nine. Yet it seemed no time at all. I recalled also, just at the beginning of what must have been the trance, that he had poked my hand with something that felt like the bristle of a brush. I asked him if I could see this done. So the doctor put me in a trance again, and told me to open my eyes, and that I would remember this part of it. Then he took a needlelike instrument and pushed it against my hand, and there was no pain, except perhaps like a bristle of a brush. He put considerable pressure on it, and I could feel no pain. The needle had penetrated my skin, and there wasn't any blood. So I began to realize that there were two things that could happen here: One, I could be hypnotized and made to forget that I had been hypnotized at all; two, I could be hypnotized, and if I was told I could remember, I would retain a knowledge of all that had taken place under hypnosis."

Dr. Simon decided to take Barney first, hoping to regress him to the night of September 19, 1961, and have him reveal every detail of the trip from Canada to Portsmouth. Since the trance would provide details of marked clarity, and since there was a reasonable expectation that Barney would bridge the amnesic gap under hypnosis, the blocking off of his memory after each session would permit Betty to give her own story in later sessions without being influenced by Barney.

On February 22, 1964, Barney was ready to make his excursion into the unknown.

CHAPTER 4

"I am *scared. God*, I'm scared!"

BARNEY TOOK HIS SEAT in front of the doctor's desk. He started to reach for a cigarette, but upon hearing the key words from Dr. Simon, his eyes closed, and his head nodded. His hands were folded across his lap, and he gave the appearance of having dozed in an easy chair. The deep trance was induced. The doctor began the session:

DOCTOR: You are deeper and deeper asleep. Deep asleep. You will remember everything now, and you will tell me everything. And I want you to tell me in full detail *all* your experiences, *all* of your thoughts and *all* of your feelings, beginning with the time you left your hotel. . . .

After retracing in precise detail the visit to Montreal, the trip into Canada and the upper part of Vermont and the drive down U.S. 3, Barney then mentioned the object in the sky.

BARNEY: I look up through the windshield of the car, and I see a star. That's funny, but I said: Betty, that's a satellite. And then I pulled over to the side of the road, and Betty jumped out her side with the binoculars. . . . And I look towards the sky. . . . And I'm saying, hurry up, Betty, so I can get a look. And Betty passes the binoculars to me. And I see that it's not a satellite. It is a plane. And I tell Betty this and give the binoculars back to her. And I am satisfied.

DOCTOR: What kind of a plane was it?

BARNEY: I look—and it is to the right. And it does not go where I thought it would go. It does not go past me to the right, my right shoulder. I think it will pass my right shoulder, off in the distance, going to the north. I am facing west, and my right is to the north. And it does not go to the north.

A faint trace of amazement comes into his voice. From his tone, it is apparent that he is reliving, not retelling, the story.

DOCTOR: Does it have propellers?

BARNEY: I cannot tell. And I think this is strange. I cannot hear a motor, to know if it has propellers.

continued

. . . And this object that was a plane—was *not* a plane. It was—oh, it was funny. It was coming around towards us. I looked up and down the road. And I thought: How dark it is. What if a bear was to come out? . . . I returned to the car, and said: Let's go Betty. It's nothing but a plane. And they're coming over this way. They're changing course. Probably it's a Piper Cub.

DOCTOR: A Piper Cub would only have one or two windows, wouldn't it? You saw windows in this plane?

BARNEY: This is what I said, and this is what I saw when I returned to my car. A Piper Cub. . . . And I drive, and Betty is still looking. And she said: Barney, this is not a plane. It is still following us. And I stop and I look, and I see it is still out there. Off in a distance. So I search for a place to pull off the road. And I see a dirt road to the right of the main highway. And I think this is a good place where I can pull over. And if any car comes, it won't strike me. And I get out of the car, and I am thinking: This is strange.

He returns to the car. His tone reflects the strangeness now.

BARNEY: 'Cause it is still there. And Betty said —I *think* she said, I am mad with her. I say to myself: I believe Betty is trying to make me think this is a flying saucer. . . . And I am wondering why doesn't it go away. And I stop, and I look again. And I see where it has gone up ahead of us on Cannon Mountain. And I think when I get past Old Man of the Mountains, it will be a good area to look and see this thing. And I am going to report it.

DOCTOR: Do you still think it was a Piper Cub?

BARNEY: I am wondering why these pilots are military. And they shouldn't do that. They will make some person have an accident by flying around like that. And what if they dived at me. And the military should not do that.

DOCTOR: You are looking for a place where you can stop and observe this. And Betty has been constantly egging you on.

BARNEY: I want to wake up!

This is the reaction of a subject who is about to experience a painful event, an event that he can't face even in the trance. Dr. Simon is alerted at this point to the likelihood of a strong emotional reaction.

DOCTOR: You're not going to wake up. You're in a deep sleep. You are comfortable, relaxed. This is not going to trouble you. Go on. You can remember everything now.

BARNEY: It's right over my right! God! What is it? [His voice begins to tremble.] And I try to maintain control, so Betty cannot tell I am *scared. God*, I'm scared!

DOCTOR: It's all right. You can go right on, experience it. It will not hurt you now.

BARNEY: [Breaks into breathless sobbing, then screams.] I gotta get a weapon!

He screams again. His sobs become uncontrollable. The doctor must decide whether to impose an amnesia and bring him out of the trance or to keep him moving through the experience for the purposes of abreaction, the therapeutic discharge of feeling.

DOCTOR: Go to sleep. You can forget now. You've forgotten. You're calm now. Relaxed. Deeply relaxed. You do not have to make an outcry. But you can remember it now. Keep remembering. You feel you have to get a weapon.

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: This is going to harm you, you felt.

BARNEY: Yes. I open the trunk of my car. I get the tire wrench . . . part of the jack. And I get back in the car.

Again, his panic is rising.

DOCTOR: All right. Just keep reasonably calm.

BARNEY: And I keep it by me. And then I get out with the binoculars. And it is *there*. And I look. And I look. And it is just over the field. And I think, I think: I'm *not* afraid. . . . I'll fight it off. I'm not *afraid!* . . . And I walk across the road. There it is—up there! Ohhh, God!

He again breaks into a scream.

DOCTOR: It's there. You can see it. But it's not going to hurt you.

BARNEY: Why doesn't it go away—*Look* at it! There's a man there! Is—is—is he a captain? What is he? He—he looks at me!

DOCTOR: What does it look like now?

BARNEY: It looks—like a—big—pancake. With windows—and rows of windows and lights. Not lights, just one huge light.

DOCTOR: Rows of windows? Like a commercial plane?

BARNEY: Rows of windows. They're *not* like a commercial plane. Because they curve around the side of this—this pancake. I've got—I've got —this can't be true. This *isn't* here. Ohhh, it's still there. And I look—up and down the road. Can't somebody come? Can't somebody come and *tell* me this is not there? It *can't* be, but—

The doctor feels that Barney may be dreaming this. He explores this point.

DOCTOR: You'd had no sleep that evening?

BARNEY: I pinch my right arm. . . .

After a brief exchange, the doctor is satisfied that Barney was awake.

DOCTOR: You're clear now. Relaxed.

BARNEY: It's still there. If I let my binoculars fall, and dangle from my neck—and start over again, maybe it won't be there. But it is. Why? What do they want? One person looks friendly to me. And he's looking at me . . . over his right shoulder. And he's smiling. But . . . but. . . .

DOCTOR: Could you see him clearly?

BARNEY: Yes, I could.

DOCTOR: What was his face like? What did it make you think of?

BARNEY: It was round. I think of—I think of—a redheaded Irishman. I don't know why. I think I know why. Because Irish are usually hostile to Negroes. And when I see a friendly Irish person, I react to him by thinking: *I* will be friendly. And I think this one that is looking over his shoulder is friendly.

DOCTOR: You say, "looking over his shoulder." Was he facing away from you?

BARNEY: Yes. He was facing a wall. . . . And there is an evil face on the—he looks like a German Nazi. He's a Nazi. . . . He had a black scarf around his neck, dangling over his left shoulder.

DOCTOR: He had a black scarf around his neck? How could you see the figures so clearly at that distance?

BARNEY: I was looking at them with binoculars.

DOCTOR: Oh. Did they have faces like other people? You said one was like a redheaded Irishman.

BARNEY: His eyes were slanted. Oh—his eyes were *slanted!* But not like a Chinese—Oh! Oh! I feel like a rabbit. I feel like a rabbit.

DOCTOR: What do you mean by that?

BARNEY: I was hunting for rabbits in Virginia. And this cute little bunny went into a bush that was not very big. And my cousin Marge was on one side of the bush, and I was on the other—with a hat. And the poor little bunny thought he was safe. And it tickled me, because he was just hiding behind a little stalk, which meant security to him—when I pounced on him and threw my hat on him and captured the poor little bunny who thought he was safe. Funny, I thought of that—right out there on the field. I feel like a rabbit.

DOCTOR: What was Betty doing all this time?

BARNEY: I can't hear her.

DOCTOR: Did you make any outcry to her the way you did to me? You would remember if you did.

BARNEY: I did not. I know this creature is telling me something.

DOCTOR: Telling you something? How? How is he getting it to you?

BARNEY: I can see it in his face. No, his lips are not moving. And he's looking at me. And he's just telling me: Don't be afraid. I'm not a bunny. I'm going to be . . . I'm going to be safe. He didn't tell me I was that bunny.

DOCTOR: Did you hear him tell you this?

BARNEY: Oh, no. He didn't say it.

DOCTOR: You *felt* he said it?

BARNEY: I *know*.

DOCTOR: You know he said it?

BARNEY: Yes. Just stay there, he said. It's pounding in my head!! I gotta get away! I gotta get away from here!

DOCTOR: All right. All right. Calm down. . . : How can you be sure he was telling you this?

BARNEY: His *eyes!* His *eyes!* I've never seen eyes like that before.

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DOCTOR: You said they were friendly.

BARNEY: Not the leader's. I said the one looking over his shoulder.

DOCTOR: How did you know the other one was the leader?

BARNEY: Because everybody moved—everybody was standing there looking at me. But everybody moved. These levers were in the back . . . or they went to a big board, it looked like a board. And only this one with the black, black shiny jacket and the scarf stayed at the window.

DOCTOR: He had slanted eyes. What did that make you think of?

BARNEY: I don't know. I've never seen eyes slanted like that. They began to be round—and went back like that—and like that. And they went up like that. . . . I'm driving.

DOCTOR: You're back in the car now?

BARNEY: Yes. . . . I'm getting a hold on myself. I'm saying to myself: Remember, you've got fortitude. You can drive a car. And I told Betty to look out—and the object was still around us. I could *feel* it around us. I saw it when we passed by the object. When I got in the car, it had swung around so that it was out there. I—I *know* it was out there. Yeah—it's out there. But I don't know where. That's funny. Ohhh, those eyes! They're in my *brain*! *Please* can't I wake up?

DOCTOR: Stay asleep a little longer. . . . You'll get through this all right. Follow your feelings. Tell me. They won't upset you so much now.

BARNEY: They're *there*. Isn't that funny—all the woods. That crazy dog. She stays in the car all the time. Isn't that funny?

DOCTOR: She doesn't bark at anything?

BARNEY: She just stays there. I don't understand. Are we being robbed? I don't know.

DOCTOR: What makes you think you're being robbed?

BARNEY: I know what's in my mind, and I don't want to say it.

DOCTOR: Well, you can say it to me. You can say it now.

BARNEY: They're—men! All with dark jackets. And I don't have any money. I don't have anything. I don't know. Oh—oh, the eyes are there. Always the eyes are there. And they're telling me I don't have to be afraid. . . . I'm not even afraid that they're not connected to a body. They're just *there*. They're just up close to me, pressing against my eyes. That's funny. I'm not afraid. . . .

After a few more exchanges:

DOCTOR: All right. We'll stop there. You will be calm and relaxed. You will forget everything that we have had in this period together until I ask you to recall it again. You will forget everything we have talked about until I ask you to recall it again. It will not trouble you, it will not worry you. You will remain comfortable and relaxed and have no pain, no aches, no anxiety. All right, Barney, you may wake up now. You'll be comfortable and relaxed.

BARNEY: Wow! Nine-thirty. Didn't you bring me in here at five minutes after eight?

DOCTOR: Yes.

BARNEY: Where was I?

DOCTOR: Right here with me.

BARNEY: Where are my cig—was I about to reach for a cigarette?

DOCTOR: Go ahead and have one. We'll continue this next week. A week from today. . . .

CHAPTER 5

The door to the past begins to open

ON FEBRUARY 29, 1964, the Hills arrived punctually for their appointment. Betty sat in an outer office. After asking Barney a few questions in review, Dr. Simon put him into trance. Barney again relived many of the experiences of his previous trance. Then:

BARNEY: . . . And I thought: How interesting, there is the military pilot, and he is looking at me. And there were several others looking at me, and the men lined up at the window of this huge dirigible and were looking down at me. When they moved to the back, and I continued to look at this one man that stood there, and I kept looking at him and looking at him.

DOCTOR: Is this the man you call the leader?

BARNEY: He was dressed differently. And I thought of the Navy and the submarine, and I thought the men that moved back were just dressed in blue denims. But this other man was dressed in a black shiny coat with a cap on. . . : And I thought: This is not going to harm me. And I wanted to get back to Betty and discuss this interesting thing we were looking at. And I kept looking, and he looked at me, and then I came back to the car. And I said: Betty, were you excited? And she said: Why didn't you come back? I was screaming for you to come back. I could not understand why you were going out across the road.

DOCTOR: You hadn't heard her scream?

BARNEY: No, I did not hear her scream . : : and begin driving down the highway. And I drove quite a few miles, and noticed I was not on Route 3. . . .

Here, for the first time, the door to the forgotten time period begins to open. Barney's memory block had always obscured what occurred on the field at Indian Head. Betty, also, had never been able to bridge this point—unless, as she thought, her dreams were based on reality.

BARNEY: And I could not understand that because it is a straight highway. And I looked, and I was being signaled to stop. And I thought, I wonder if there has been an accident. I do have the tire wrench. I'll put it near my hand. . . .

DOCTOR: What was it you saw down the highway?

BARNEY: I saw a group of men standing in the highway. And it was brightly lit up, as if it were almost daylight. It was not the kind of light of day, but it was brightly lighted. . . . And they began coming towards me. And I did not think after that of my tire wrench. And I became afraid if I did think of this as a weapon, I would be harmed. And if I did not, I would not be harmed. And they came and assisted me out of the car. I felt very weak, but I wasn't afraid. And I can't even think of being confused. I am not bewildered, I can't even think of questioning what is happening. . . . My feet are dragging. . . . And I am not afraid. I feel like I am dreaming.

DOCTOR: Where is Betty through all of this?

BARNEY: I don't know. I'm trying to think. I don't know.

DOCTOR: Are these men part of your dream?

BARNEY: They are there, and I am there. I know they are there. But everything is black. My eyes are tightly closed. I can't believe what I think.

DOCTOR: Is there anything else that you think that you haven't told me?

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: You can tell me now.

BARNEY: I am always thinking of mental pictures because my eyes are closed. And I think I am going up a slight incline, and my feet have stopped bumping on the rocks. That's funny. I thought of my feet bumping on the rocks. And they are not going up smoothly. But I'm afraid to open my eyes, because I am being told strongly by myself to keep my eyes closed, and don't open them. And I don't want to be operated on.

DOCTOR: You don't want to be operated on. What makes you think of an operation?

BARNEY: I don't know.

DOCTOR: Have you ever been operated on?

BARNEY: Only for my tonsils.

DOCTOR: Does this feel like that time?

BARNEY: I think like that, but my eyes are closed, and I only have mental pictures. And I am not in pain. And I can feel a slight feeling. My groin feels cold.

DOCTOR: Is that any feeling with the operation?

BARNEY: I'm not being operated on. I am lying on something, and I think of the doctor putting something in my ear. When I was a boy, the doctor put something in my ear, and I looked up at it, and he explained to me that you could peek into the ear and light it up with this thing. And I think of that. . . . And I feel like the doctor did not pain me, and I will be very careful and be very still and will cooperate, and I won't be harmed.

DOCTOR: Where were you lying down?

continued

BARNEY: I thought I was inside something. But I did not dare open my eyes. I had been told to keep my eyes closed by the man I saw through the binoculars.

DOCTOR: Was this one of the men in the road?

BARNEY: No. These men in the road . . . they took me and carried me up this ramp.

DOCTOR: Carried you up the ramp?

BARNEY: I know I was going up something, and my feet were dragging.

DOCTOR: These are the men who flagged you down?

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: How many were there?

BARNEY: I thought I saw a cluster of six men. Because three of them came to me and three did not.

DOCTOR: How were they dressed?

BARNEY: They were all in dark clothing. And they were all dressed alike.

DOCTOR: Were they white men?

BARNEY: I don't know by the color. But they did not seem that they had different faces from white men. . . .

DOCTOR: Did they tell you why they were stopping you?

BARNEY: They didn't tell me anything. They didn't say anything.

DOCTOR: Were these men holding you?

BARNEY: They were by my side, and I had a funny feeling because I knew they were holding me, but I couldn't feel them. . . . I felt floating, suspended. . . . I opened my eyes.

DOCTOR: What did you see?

BARNEY: I saw a hospital operating room. It was pale blue. Sky blue. And I closed my eyes.

DOCTOR: Do you remember the operating room when you had your tonsils out? . . . Was that operating room in the hospital blue?

BARNEY: No. It was bright lights. . . . But this room was not like that. It was spotless.

DOCTOR: Did you feel you were going to be operated on?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: Did you feel you were being attacked in any way?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: You said your groin felt cold. . . .

BARNEY: I was lying on a table, and I thought someone was putting a cup around my groin, and then it stopped. And then I thought: How funny. . . . If I keep real quiet and real still, I won't be harmed. And it will be over. And I will just stay here and pretend that I am anywhere and think of God and think of Jesus, and think that I am not afraid. And I am getting off the table, and I've got a big grin on my face, and I feel greatly relieved. And I am walking, and I am being guided. And my eyes are closed, and I open my eyes, and there is the car. And the lights are off, and the motor is not running. And Delsey is under the seat. And I reached under and touched her, and she is in a tight ball under the seat, and I sit back. And I see Betty is coming down the road, and she gets into the car, and I am grinning at her and she is grinning back at me. And we both seem so elated, and we are really happy. And I'm thinking: It isn't too bad. How funny. I had no reason to fear. And we look, and I see a bright moon. And I laugh, and say: Well, there it goes.

DOCTOR: You mean this object was gone?

BARNEY: Yes. . . . It was going.

DOCTOR: Going. Could you still see it?

BARNEY: It was a bright, huge ball. Orange. It was a beautiful bright ball. And it was going. And it was gone. And we were in darkness, and I put on the lights of the car, and looked down the road. And we began driving, and I could see a slight incline, and then I drove and came back to Route 3, because I was on a cement road. And Betty and I feel, I feel real hilarious, like a feeling of well-being and great relief.

DOCTOR: What were you relieved about?

BARNEY: I am relieved because I feel like I've been in a harrowing situation, and there was nothing damaging or harmful about it. And I feel greatly relieved.

DOCTOR: And the flying object was gone?

BARNEY: Yes. Betty is giggling, and she said: Do you believe in flying saucers now? And I said: Oh, Betty, don't be ridiculous. Of course, I don't. And we heard a beeping, and the car buzzed, and I kept silent.

DOCTOR: You heard a beeping.

BARNEY: Beep—beep—beep—beep—beep.

DOCTOR: Did they sound like some of these beeps you get on a radio, when you have code signals? Or what did they sound like?

BARNEY: Beep—beep—beep. . . . I thought it was strange. . . . And at the first beep or two, I touched the steering wheel with my finger tips because I thought I felt a vibration when I heard the beep. And as it continued, Betty looked to the back, and I slowed the car down and stopped. And I said to Betty: Is there something shifting in the car?

DOCTOR: Did she say anything about hearing the beeps?

BARNEY: She said: What is that noise? And we looked in the back, and Delsey had climbed up on the back seat, and her ears were popped up, and the beep, beep, beep. And I said: Oh, oh, do you think the thing is still around? I called it a thing; Betty called it a flying saucer. And we had no answer. . . . I wonder if I can make the car do that. So I drove the car fast and then would decelerate, rapidly. And I swerved over to the left of the highway and back to the right. And I came to a complete stop and accelerated rapidly. But I could not seem to get that sound. And we drove down the highway. And I saw the road for the expressway: 17 miles to Concord. And I drove to Concord, and down Route 4. . . .

A few minutes later:

BARNEY: . . . She asked me did I believe in flying saucers. And I did not want to say what I really believed.

DOCTOR: What did you really believe?

BARNEY: I believed that we had seen and been a part of something different than anything I had ever seen before.

DOCTOR: Did you fear you had been kidnapped?

BARNEY: I didn't use that word. I did not feel that I had been kidnapped. But I think of kidnapping when you are being harmed.

DOCTOR: And you weren't harmed?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: You had no idea why this was done?

BARNEY: I was anxious to get home and look at my groin. . . . I thought, this is proof that something happened to me. And I was unsure. And I would waver, feeling that it can't be. And then I would think: But it did happen. And I would think: When I get home and look at my groin, I will touch whatever touched me and see if there is a mark. I drove home, and I went into the bathroom and examined myself and saw nothing wrong. And I went into the bedroom, and I kept thinking that something is around me. I went to the window, and I looked up into the morning sky, and I went to the back door and opened it and looked at the sky. And I thought: Something is around, somewhere. And Betty and I retired, talking. Wasn't that strange, whatever happened. And I could not remember anything that happened except that I was at Indian Head. And I went to bed. And when we woke up, we decided we would not ever tell anyone. . . .

When the second session was finally over, Dr. Simon reviewed the case in the first real light that had been thrown on the amnesic period. Although he was still somewhat skeptical at the end of this session, he was beginning to believe that some incident involving a UFO was at least partly responsible for Barney Hill's severe emotional upheaval. But he was baffled by the second part of his patient's story—the part detailing the supposed "abduction" by humanoid beings. He hoped that Betty Hill could provide some explanation for her husband's account, and he scheduled a session the following week in which *she* would retrace, under hypnosis, the long journey home.

In the next issue of LOOK: Under hypnosis, Betty Hill relives a strange physical examination aboard the UFO, describes an unusual book she tried to take from the ship, a space map on the wall and recounts her conversations with the uniformed men, in Part Two of *The Interrupted Journey*, to be published by The Dial Press, Inc.